

*Anti.* What claime laies she to thee?

*Dro.* Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beaſtly creature layes claime to me.

*Anti.* What is she?

*Dro.* A very reuerent body: I ſuch a one, as a man may not ſpeake of, without he ſay ſir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

*Anti.* How doſt thou meane a fat marriage?

*Dro.* Marry ſir, ſhe's the Kitchin wench, & al greaſe, and I know not what yſe to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If ſhe liues till doomeſday, ſhe'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

*Anti.* What complexion is ſhe of?

*Dro.* Swart like my ſhoos, but her face nothing like ſo cleane kept: for why? ſhe ſweats a man may goe ouer-ſhoos in the grime of it.

*Anti.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro.* No ſir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

*Anti.* What's her name?

*Dro.* *Nell* ſir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

*Anti.* Then ſhe beares ſome bredth?

*Dro.* No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: ſhe is ſphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

*Anti.* In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland*?

*Dro.* Marry ſir in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogges.

*Anti.* Where *Scotland*?

*Dro.* I found it by the barrenneſſe, hard in the palme of the hand.

*Anti.* Where *France*?

*Dro.* In her forehead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre againſt her heire.

*Anti.* Where *England*?

*Dro.* I look'd for the chalkie Clifſes, but I could find no whitenefſe in them. But I gueſſe, it ſtood in her chin by the ſalt rheume that ranne betwene *France*, and it.

*Anti.* Where *Spaine*?

*Dro.* Faith I ſaw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

*Anti.* Where *America*, the *Indies*?

*Dro.* Oh ſir, vpon her noſe, all ore embellifhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aſpect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who ſent whole Armadoes of Carrecks to be ballaſt at her noſe.

*Anti.* Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

*Dro.* Oh ſir, I did not looke ſo low. To conlude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my ſhoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breſt had not bene made of faith, and my heart of Steele, ſhe had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

*Anti.* Go hie thee preſently, poſt to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from ſhore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:

If euerie one knowes ys, and we know none,  
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

*Dro.* As from a Beare a man would run for life,  
So ſie I from her that would be my wife.

*Anti.* There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,  
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:  
She that doth call me husband, euen my ſoule  
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire ſiſter  
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſoueraigne grace,  
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,  
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelfe:  
But leaſt my ſelfe be guilty to ſelfe wrong,  
He ſtop mine eares againſt the Mermaids ſong.

Enter *Angelo* with the Chaine.

*Ang.* Mr *Antipholus*.

*Anti.* I that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well ſir, loe here's the chaine,  
I thought to haue cane you at the *Perpentine*,  
The chaine vnfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

*Anti.* What is your will that I ſhal do with this?

*Ang.* What pleaſe your ſelfe ſir: I haue made it for you.

*Anti.* Made it for me ſir, I beſpoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withall,  
And ſoone at ſupper time He viſit you,  
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

*Anti.* I pray you ſir receiue the money now,  
For feare you ne're ſee chaine, nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man ſir, fare you well. *Exit.*

*Anti.* What I ſhould thinke of this, I cannot tell:  
But this I thinke, there's no man is ſo vaine,  
That would reſuſe ſo faire an offer'd Chaine.  
I ſee a man heere needs not lue by ſhifts,  
When in the ſtreets he meetes ſuch Golden gifts:  
He to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay,  
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. *Exit.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, and an Officer.

*Mar.* You know ſince Pentecoſt the ſum is due,  
And ſince I haue not much importun'd you,  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:  
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,  
Or He attach you by this Officer.

*Gold.* Euen iuſt the ſum that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,  
And in the inſtant that I met with you,  
He had of me a Chaine, at ſiue a clocke  
I ſhall receiue the money for the ſame:  
Pleaſeth you walke with me downe to his houſe,  
I will diſcharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter *Antipholus* *Ephes*, *Dromio* from the Courtizans.

*Off.* That labour may you ſaue: See where he comes.

*Anti.* While I go to the Goldſmiths houſe, go thou  
And

And buy a ropes end, that will I beſtow  
Among my wife, and their confederates;  
For locking me out of my doores by day:  
But ſoft I ſee the Goldſmith; get thee gone,  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro.* I buy a thouſand pound a yeare, I buy a rope. *Exit Dromio*

*Eph. Anti.* A man is well holpe vp that truſts to you,  
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chaine,  
But neither Chaine nor Goldſmith came to me:  
Belike you thought our loue would laſt too long  
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

*Gold.* Saving your merrie humor: here's the note  
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmoſt charget,  
The fineneſſe of the Gold, and chargefull faſhion,  
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more  
Then I ſtand debted to this Gentleman,  
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,  
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtaves but for it.

*Anti.* I am not furniſh'd with the preſent monie:  
Beſides I haue ſome buſineſſe in the towne,  
Good Signior take the ſtranger to my houſe,  
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife  
Diſburſe the ſumme, on the receipt thereof,  
Perchance I will be there as ſoone as you.

*Gold.* Then you will bring the Chaine to her your ſelfe.

*Anti.* No beare it with you, leaſt I come not time enough.

*Gold.* Well ſir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?

*Anti.* And if I haue not ſir, I hope you haue:  
Or elſe you may returne without your money.

*Gold.* Nay come I pray you ſir, giue me the Chaine:  
Both winde and tide ſtaves for this Gentleman,  
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

*Anti.* Good Lord, you vſe this dalliance to excuſe  
Your breach of promiſe to the *Perpentine*,  
I ſhould haue chid you for not bringing it,  
But like a ſhrew you firſt begin to brawle.

*Mar.* The houre ſteales on, I pray you ſir diſpatch.

*Gold.* You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

*Anti.* Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your money.  
*Gold.* Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.  
Either ſend the Chaine, or ſend me by ſome token.

*Anti.* Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,  
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me ſee it.

*Mar.* My buſineſſe cannot brooke this dalliance,  
Good ſir ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no:  
If not, He leaue him to the Officer.

*Anti.* I anſwer you? What ſhould I anſwer you.

*Gold.* The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

*Anti.* I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

*Gold.* You know I gaue it you halfe an houre ſince.

*Anti.* You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to ſay ſo.

*Gold.* You wrong me more ſir in denying it.  
Conſider how it ſtands vpon my credit.

*Mar.* Well Officer, arreſt him at my ſuite.

*Off.* I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

*Gold.* This touches me in reputation.

Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,

Or I attach you by this Officer.

*Anti.* Conſent to pay thee that I neuer had:  
Arreſt me fooliſh fellow if thou dar'ſt.

*Gold.* Heere is thy fee, arreſt him Officer.

I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,  
If he ſhould ſcorne me ſo apparantly.

*Offic.* I do arreſt you ſir, you heare the ſuite.

*Anti.* I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.  
But ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as deere,  
As all the mettall in your ſhop will anſwer.

*Gold.* Sir, ſir, I ſhall haue Law in *Ephesus*,  
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter *Dromio* *Sira*, from the Bay.

*Dro.* Maſter, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,  
That ſtaies but till her Owner comes aboard,  
And then ſir ſhe beares away. Our fraughtage ſir,  
I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought  
The Oyle, the *Balsamm*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.  
The ſhip is in her trim, the merrie winde  
Blowes faire from land: they ſtay for nought at all,  
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelfe.

*Anti.* How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuiſh ſheep  
What ſhip of *Epidamium* ſtaies for me.

*S. Dro.* A ſhip you ſent me too, to hier waſtage.

*Anti.* Thou drunken ſlaue, I ſent thee for a rope,  
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

*S. Dro.* You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoone,  
You ſent me to the Bay ſir, for a Barke.

*Anti.* I will debate this matter at more leiſure  
And teach your eares to liſt me with more heede:

To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee ſtraight:

Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deſke

That's couer'd o're with Turkiſh Tapiſtrie,

There is a purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:

Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreete,

And that ſhall baile me: hie thee ſlaue, be gone,

On Officer to priſon, till it come. *Exeunt*

*S. Dromio.* To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,

Where Dowſabell did claime me for her husband,

She is too bigge I hope for me to compaſſe,

Thither I muſt, although againſt my will:

For ſeruants muſt their Maſters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

Enter *Adriana* and *Luciana*.

*Adr.* Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?

Might'ſt thou perceiue aſtutely in his eie,

That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no:

Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?

What obſeruation mad'ſt thou in this caſe?

Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

*Luc.* Firſt he deni'de you had in him no right.

*Adr.* He meant he did me none: the more my ſpight

*Luc.* Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger heere.

*Adr.* And true he ſwore, though yet forſworne hee were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what ſaid he?

*Luc.* That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy loue?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might moue.

Firſt, he did praife my beautie, then my ſpeech.

*Adr.* Did'ſt ſpeake him faire?

*Luc.* Haue patience I beſeech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,

My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall haue his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,

Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſſe euery where:

Vicious, vngentle, fooliſh, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-